

THE
TRIUMPHS OF REASON;

EXEMPLIFIED IN

S E V E N T A L E S.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO THE JUVENILE PART OF
THE FAIR SEX.

BY THE AUTHOR.

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ERRATA.

Page 12, Line 16, for abilities, read *accomplishments.*

— 12, — 18, for accomplishments, read *abilities.*

— 49, — 9, omit the word *fine.*

ATLANTIC

ATLANTIC OCEAN

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TALES.

TALE I.

THE COTTAGE.

“Happier as kinder, in whate’er degree,
“For height of bliss is height of charity.”

CLARINDA and Hortensia were equally cherished by their tender mother; but, from a difference in their dispositions, every circumstance of intended kindness or improvement, produced quite a contrary effect on them. In careſſing Hortensia, one was sure to create a return of love in her affectionate breast; but any mark

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of

of love towards Clarinda, served only to raise in her ideas of self-consequence.

In their amusements the one was always disposed to be happy; the other was capricious and discontented. When Hortensia caressed any of her friends, it proceeded from affection; but Clarinda's kindness had always some selfish motive. "My dear Mama, I do so love you; give me that apple." "My dear sweet Hortensia, won't you let me have your doll?" She was in all particulars inconsiderate towards others, but extremely tenacious where self was concerned. Her tender parent observed with anguish those early symptoms of an interested mind; but being convinced that the noble faculty of reason was given us by Divine Wisdom

Wisdom to correct or restrain our evil propensities, she waited with anxious solicitude for that period of life when reason begins to irradiate the human mind.—Meanwhile she omitted no lessons of instruction, that example could enforce. At length a day arrived much desired by all—the day that made Clarinda ten years old. It was to be celebrated in a cottage lately built in a beautiful recess of the wood, and surrounded by every simple beauty that could attract the eye, or touch the heart.—Here an experiment was to be tried—the event of which must mark with joy or heaviness a mother's future days. The little girls ran frolicksome along, meeting no impediments in their way but the glossy blue-bell, the golden cowslip, and

blushing daisy.—These were gathered with alacrity, and woven into garlands for their hats. As soon as they were fixed, Clarinda imagined that her sister's was the most becoming, and teized her to make an exchange, which Hortensia complied with, saying, “ I can deny you nothing, my own dear Clarinda.” When they arrived at the destined place, they were delighted with the novelty of the scene.—The windows were adorned by honey-suckles and eglantine, that interwove their branches with a sweet profusion.—The room was hung with a light cotton, that by its gay variety of figures pleased their eye: but what charmed them above all, was a table covered with glittering toys, and another furnished with a handsome dish of strawberries and cream.

cream. My dear children, said the mother, I hope we shall here pass a delightful evening. As it is Clarinda's fête, all you see here is her's.—You, Hortensia, are only to have what your sister chooses to give you. Clarinda instantly flew to the toys. Is it all mine, mama? Yes, my love, to dispose of as you please. I shall keep this, Mama; I cannot part from that; I like this; I admire that; I shall keep this, and this, and this; indeed I like them all! So saying, she replaced them all in their box, which she carefully deposited in her pocket handkerchief, to be conveyed home. Hortensia was rather dejected at this transaction, but consoled herself with the expectation of the strawberries. You will give me some fruit, won't you, Clarinda?—I

shall first eat what I like, said Clarinda; and seating herself by the table, she eat them all in a few minutes.

Hortensia's fortitude was now exhausted; she ran to her mother, hid her head in her bosom, and burst into a fit of crying. Her mother kissed her tenderly, and told her to be comforted, for her fête should soon be kept in the same place. In the mean time she advised her to amuse herself with running round the cottage, and gathering some more wild-flowers. Hortensia wiped her eyes, and soon forgot her disappointment in the pleasure of running about and pursuing the shining butterfly or sportive kid.

Now, Clarinda, that you are ten years of age, and no longer a little child,

child, we will converse together in a reasonable manner. Sit down by me, and tell me how you like this place. O! prodigiously, Mama; I never was so much pleased in all my life—The fruit was so nice! and the toys are so pretty, added she, clasping her box. I am glad you like them, my love; but my satisfaction in giving them is still greater than yours; as the pleasure of bestowing on others a part of what we possess, is the sweetest sensation a good mind can experience. God himself, who is the happiest and best of beings, is continually pouring benefits upon all; and the nobler the intelligent mind is, the more arduously will it endeavour to imitate Him who is all perfection. Look there, Clarinda, at the setting sun; the most glorious and liberal

object in creation.—He dispenses light through all the world, and fills us with gladness, whether we contemplate his beauty, or feel his animating powers.—Every thing around us speaks the bounty of God to man.—The trees offer us their fruits, and yield refreshing shade ;—the fields produce us bread ;—the meadows pasture for our cattle ;—the cow gives us delicious drink ;—the sheep provide us in food and cloathing :—the wind purifies our air—the rain refreshes our earth—not even a “ Blossom blows, or flowret breathes in vain.” They yield their charming odours as we pass, and expand their beauties to our wondering sight. The birds, with their soft melody, delight our ears, and every object in nature bestows its gifts on us, at the command

mand of God our great Benefactor. All he requires of us, my child, in return for his mercies, is to be thankful to him, and kind to our fellow-creatures. When we impart our blessings to each other, we please the Divine Giver of all; we imitate his goodness, and secure his future bounty to ourselves. By exerting reciprocal acts of kindness and benevolence towards one another, we discharge the duty of intelligent and virtuous agents; we enjoy the approbation of our own hearts, and render ourselves amiable, beloved, and happy.

O! Mama, exclaimed Clarinda, I will be kind; I will be liberal too! —Call Hortensia; she shall have a share in the toys —she shall chuse —she shall indeed! —Her happy mother clasped

clasped her in her arms; she saw with delight that sensibility beamed in her eyes, and that conviction had reached her heart. From that hour Clardina became as gentle and generous as she had been tenacious and froward. Such was the reward of maternal care; such the triumph of reason in the breast of Clarinda.

TALE

TALE II.

THE REMEDY.

“ *Reflechissez avant d'agir.* ”

SOPHIA was a very pretty little girl, and had it not been for one circumstance, would have been as agreeable in mind as in person.—She was perfectly good humoured to her companions, full of affection for her friends; and her heart was all alive to every sentiment of compassion: her purse belonged to the poor, and her play-fellows were always welcome to share in her toys and comfits. What then could possibly be the fault of such a charming girl?—It was want of attention;—a defect which blemished every good quality she possessed, and rendered them almost
useless.

useless. When her music master was with her, she would be endeavouring to recollect *le pas d'un cotillon*; when her dancing-master attended, she longed to sing—to read or write. While a French lesson was explained to her, Sophia did not understand a word, being busily engaged just at that time in arranging a *parterre* in her garden.—The next day in writing, the copy would be full of blots and blunders, as Sophia was debating in her mind whether her doll's new cap should have a blue or a pink riband. By this means she made no progress in her education, and her abilities were surpassed by several young ladies of very inferior accomplishments to herself. This unhappy defect at the same time prevented the natural effect of her good dispositions.

One

One day a poor old man presented her a petition, which she undertook to shew her father. She ran into the garden for that purpose, and met him with a squirrel in his hand, which he gave her, and its pretty gambols (so like her own) made her lose all thoughts of the poor old man. When the petition was found it was too late, as the poor man was dead in the interim, in great poverty. Sophia was very sorry at the time, but soon became as thoughtless as ever. She appeared awkward in company, from never attending to the conversation, and unpleasing to her companions, by not properly joining in their amusements. Her instructors disliked her; and her parents were ashamed of her.—In a word poor Sophia was, at eleven years
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of age totally ignorant, and completely disagreeable. About this period her aunt, Mrs. Menell, returned from abroad; she soon discovered Sophia's defect, but at the same time perceived so much goodness of heart and natural quickness of understanding, as induced her to attempt and hope for her niece's amendment. For this purpose she invited Sophia to spend some weeks with her at Menell park. A few days after their arrival, Mrs. Menell complained of being ill, and said she wanted a prudent, careful, attentive little nurse, and should be glad if Sophia would undertake that office. Sophia most readily complied, and accordingly entered on the duties of her charge.—Several small mistakes happened in the course of the first day: on being
sent

sent for a prayer-book, she brought a newspaper; and being desired to reach the spectacles, she handed the tongs. But these, and similar errors excepted, she did all in her power to amuse her patient. She jumped—she sang—and told her fairy tales. Mrs. Menell frequently employed her in reading and writing, making her repeat the sense of both; but her improvement was very small. Inattention stood in the way of every thing. Mrs. Menell one day complained of being worse. Little nurse, said she, step into the closet and pour me out a medicine that is on one of the shelves; it is called a mixture for the gout: away tript Sophia, opened the closet, snatched up a vial, poured out its contents, and gave it to her aunt, who drank it, but presently re-
marked

marked that it did not taste as it should do. Sure, Sophia, you have made some mistake : yet the vials were all labelled. Go fetch me the empty one that I may examine it. Sophia went for the vial, but on reading its label " Poison for rats," she gave a shriek, and fainted away. When recovered from the fit, she cast herself on her knees before Mrs. Menell, and wringing her hands in an agony, she cried, O! my dear aunt, I have poisoned you !

Her aunt let her tears have vent, and then said, resolve, my child, most steadfastly for the future, to make use of the understanding which God has given you, and pay attention to all you do. Had I kept in that closet a poison, you would undoubtedly this day have occasioned my death ;
merely

merely from the circumstance of not reading the label. But be comforted my Sophia; it was only milk and water which I placed there for this experiment. May it prove a remedy for you in a complaint that is worse than either the gout or fever! Reflect seriously on the misfortune that might have occurred, and let this day be a lesson for life. Sophia's joy was inexpressible, and her resolution most sincere. Her good sense, constantly on the watch, enabled her to conquer her defect. She became an accomplished woman—the joy of her friends and an ornament to society.

TALE III.

THE BOXES.

——“ La vanité est la vice
 “ Qui dépare toutes les qualités
 “ Elle commence par les ternir,
 “ Elle finit presque toujours par les détruire.”

THE same day gave birth to Leonora and Henrietta, two cousins, whose persons, fortunes, and dispositions were totally different. Leonora was the only child of very wealthy parents: Henrietta's mother was an officer's widow, who lived on the small remains of a narrow fortune.

Leonora's abode was a magnificent mansion surrounded by towering elms, and waving poplars; a noble
 river

river added grandeur to the scene, and the charms of nature were polished by the graceful hand of art.

Henrietta's dwelling was a little cottage at the declivity of a hill. A small but neat garden was all her pleasure-ground : but the snow drops sprung spontaneously under her feet, and the birds delighted in the shades of her rural habitation. Leonora's parents doated on her with that foolish affection which is blind to all defects : Henrietta's mother was rendered more sagaciously penetrating by maternal love. Leonora's features were beautiful, her complexion brilliant, her figure graceful. Henrietta's person was sweetly feminine ; innocence and candor formed the chief charm both of her face and manners. Leonora struck at first

sight ; Henrietta improved on every interview ; gentleness was *her* characteristic ; vanity, Leonora's. She wished for no pleasure so much as general admiration ; and all she did or said was marked by her predominant foible. These cousins usually met once a year on account of Leonora's birth-day, which was celebrated with much splendor. " I wonder, Henrietta, why your mother does not keep your birth-day." Because, replied Henrietta, " she cannot afford to throw her money away on so trifling an occasion." " I believe Henrietta that no one ever calls you a beautiful little creature, and a sweet angel?" " No, never in all my life." " That is, my love, because you are not handsome ; poor little cousin, there is a great difference

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ence between us two." "I know it," said Henrietta, yet though I am not pretty, my dear mama loves me all the same: don't you, mother?" The answer was a tender kiss, with a remark, that only merit could secure a lasting attachment. As they advanced in life, Henrietta applied to her studies, from a laudable desire of improvement: Leonora acquired accomplishments, that she might gain applause.

About this time they expected a visit from their uncle, who was godfather to both. He had been governor abroad, and had acquired a rapid fortune. Leonora hearing her family observe that he was immensely rich, determined to do all in her power to gain his good graces. She was both extravagant and covetous;

an inconsistency which vanity is subject to. "Do you think, Mama, that the governor will bring me a set of jewels? Do lend me your diamonds, that I may see how I become them." On her mother's compliance, she walked up and down before a large pier glass, in a fit of intoxication; but, to console herself for taking them off, she observed "That beauty needs not the foreign aid of ornament." At this moment the governor was announced. Leonora, who was predetermined to shine, "looked delightfully with all her might;" she talked, she played, she sung, and exhibited her drawings. But all she did was tinctured with vanity; and her beauty was deformed by affectation. When she moved, her naturally elegant person was writhed

writhed into fantastic attitudes. When she sang or played, her head moved about like a mandarine's. When another conversed, she would interrupt their story to tell it better herself. In short, in a weeks time the governor was heartily disgusted at his handsome god-daughter. How different was the scene at Henrietta's !

She was employed in making a frock for a poor child, but on seeing her uncle she dropt her work, and flew to his arms in tears of joy. Every succeeding day discovered some new charm in her disposition ; and unconscious of her powers of pleasing, she never failed to please. Simplicity adorned her person, and modesty heightened her accomplishments. When her uncle left her, it was with the feelings of a father. The day

which made both the cousins fifteen, was to be spent at his castle. The entertainment was elegant; the company fashionable. At their departure the governor opened a cabinet, and taking out two ivory boxes of similar form, presented one to each, saying, my god-daughters must accept of these boxes, which will be a means of happiness to both. Do not open them till you are returned home. Do it when you are alone, added he, in a whisper to Leonora.

Henrietta immediately consigned hers to her mother's care. Leonora invited several young ladies of her acquaintance to go home with her to see its contents. If it does not contain jewels, said she, I will lay out the money on a divine set! it will be all one.

When

When Henrietta arrived, she opened her box with the hopes of finding her uncle's picture. It was full of papers, with a letter for Henrietta.—“ My ever amiable god-daughter, you already possess the greatest beauty in a sweet disposition, and the highest blessing in a contented mind. The deficiency of fortune you must allow me to supply.—It is but just, that loving you as my child, I should act the part of an

Affectionate Father.

Bank Notes 10,000l.

My dearest mother, said Henrietta, receive these notes. May all the comforts of life now be yours ! No longer let anxiety for my future establishment disturb your dear maternal bosom ! Now shall my dear mother be happy !

The

The pious parent adored the bounty of Providence, which she and her amiable Henrietta enjoyed with grateful hearts.

As soon as Leonora reached home, she held up her box; and "Now ladies let me have your opinion."--- The youthful company pressed round the table with looks of curiosity and impatience, and were quite provoked at the affected display of Leonora's fingers, as she opened the box, which retarded the operation. At last it was accomplished; and behold a—*looking-glass*.

The tittering of the young ladies encreased Leonora's confusion. For the first time in her life she eyed herself with dissatisfaction, and felt humiliated. One of the young ladies perceiving a slip of paper, read these words;

words ; “ Beauty loses its value, unless it be accompanied with an amiable disposition ; and the most brilliant accomplishments cease to please, when unadorned by modesty.”

Leonora retired in haste. She shed tears of mortification. She then revolved her past life, and felt its insignificance. Reason and reflection being now admitted to plead, fully gained the cause.

Leonora determined to conquer her vanity. A year of arduous resolution produced this effect ; she became the delight of all who knew her ; and was every where cited as one of the brightest examples her sex could boast of.

TALE

TALE IV.

LE BOCAGE.

“ To be good is to be happy : ”

LADY W. and Mrs. M. placed their two daughters at the same female seminary, and soon after left England. The conduct of these young ladies was entirely different. Myra was attracted by the foolish idle part of the society ; Lucia associated only with the good. Myra was pleased at the belief that a number of pupils would prevent a narrow inspection into her conduct : Lucia resolved to act with double vigilance on that

that account. When Myra studied, her aim was to avoid punishment; not to acquire instruction; while Lucia weighed the meaning of whatever she read. A certain harmony of mind pointed out to Lucia the just and right of every thing; while Myra was negligent of every duty; indolent, selfish,---“ Joyless, unbeloved !” Lucia in her manners was obliging and polite : Myra was careless and ill-humoured. Lucia derived pleasure and instruction from all her teachers; she regarded each of them as a mental benefactress, and her heart glowed with sentiments of gratitude, that accelerated her progress, while they proved her sensibility. Myra looked upon the teachers as so many spies over her actions, whom it was a pleasure to elude.

She

She paid no attention to the masters. ---She made no improvement, and gained no friend. Such was their situation when their mothers returned from abroad. At fifteen years of age they were removed from boarding-school. Lady W. made her home a scene of amusements, and had continually a succession of visitors, that Myra might become conversant with the tons of the fashionable world, previous to her own exhibition. Mrs M.'s society was small, but well selected. Though she approved of elegant accomplishments, her principal aim was directed to the heart. Lucia was grateful for her mother's care, and eager to become all she wished her. Myra was deaf to advice, and however negligent herself, was of opinion that her mother could never do

do too much for her in any particular.

Among the various fêtes that were given for Myra's amusement, a splendid ball was announced, to which Lucia was invited. Myra was adorned with the utmost elegance for the occasion, and her fond mother hoped to see her outshine every youthful visitant as much in talents as in dress. Lord G. a very fine young gentleman, opened the ball with Myra, who (though she had every eye upon her) paid no attention either to the figure, the step, or the measure. It is needless to add that she performed shockingly. Sir Charles M. danced with his cousin Lucia, who was universally admired. As an interlude between dancing, music was proposed. Myra was sullen in her acquiescence, and slovenly

flovenly in the execution. Lucia's performance was skilful; and her desire of obliging gave an additional charm to all she did.

The morning after the ball, the ladies took a little faunter into the park and shrubbery; they separated into small parties, and Myra and Lucia took a path that led to a charming bocage, where a summer house was sheltered by the woody scenery behind, and commanded a delightful prospect. As the young ladies advanced, they overheard two voices in earnest conversation. It is Lord G. and Sir Charles, said Myra; let us place ourselves in the shade and over-hear their discourse. Would that be strictly honourable, replied Lucia? pray let us return by the path we came. You may do, ma'am,

as

as you please, said Myra, but for my part I shall stay here ; saying this she advanced on tip-toe, and seating herself behind the summer-house, lost not a syllable of the following conversation :

“ I protest, Charles, I envied your fate as I led, or rather dragged my heavy awkward partner up and down the dance. How she poked her neck ! You had a charming girl for your partner, but you must allow I had devilish ill-luck with mine : how sulky she looked, interrupted Sir Charles, when she was asked to sing ! and how she screamed ! I never yet saw so disagreeable a creature, replied Lord G. If her riches should procure her a husband, how will that poor Unfortunate merit compassion, who shall be her partner through life. I would

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not

not have her with a million, cried Sir Charles ; nor I with the Indies, retorted Lord G. But to drop this stupid subject, if you will take an airing with me, I will shew you the finest creature of a hound you ever saw in your life. Except my Cæsar, rejoined the other. I make no exceptions, replied Lord G. So saying, arm in arm they left their seat, and fortunately for the poor Myra, took another path. As soon as they were out of sight, she ran into the summer-house, to give vent to her emotions. She trembled, she sobb'd, and stamp'd the ground with passion : at last giving way to reflection, she covered her face and fell into a flood of tears, the happiest she ever shed ; for they were the tears of sensibility which, " while they soften, fortify the heart."

She

She spent an hour the most serious she had ever known. She revolved her past conduct, and meditated a future change. Her mother accidentally passing by at that moment, stopt to caress the darling of her heart. —She was surprised and alarmed at the distress she found her in. O mama ! cried Myra, my dearest mama ! I am unworthy of all your goodness. I am a disgrace to myself and you ; and am even esteemed of less consequence *than Cæsar*. What means my love ? Myra then with many tears repeated the conversation she had over-heard, and added, if my behaviour in company makes me despised, how should I be hated, was all my caprice and ill humour known ! if being sullen, exposes me to such severe strictures, how would Lord

Lord G. and Sir Charles despise me, if they were acquainted with my ignorance, and above all, my ungrateful return to my mama's kindness. Forgive me madam ! forgive me my tender mother ! at your feet I abjure all my faults. Lady W. was too much affected to speak ; she embraced her penitent child, who thus continued ; “ allow me, madam two years to redeem my mispent time ; and conceal me from the world till you shall have no reason to blush at your daughter's conduct. Lady W. weighed this proposal in her mind, and in a few days resolved to leave England. During their journey to the continent, Myra was all attention to her mother, beginning her reformation in the article of gratitude. This sentiment raised to heaven, ex-
 alted

aided her understanding, and enlarged her heart. As true virtue is an active principle, her resolution gained strength every day ; and every day tended to eradicate a fault, or gain an excellence. Her disposition being corrected, she courageously entered on the work of education. It was also an arduous undertaking ; but diligence conquers every difficulty. She had the most eminent masters ;—she paid them the strictest attention, and practised in their absence. No miser ever prized his gold more than Myra did her time. The first hour of the day she devoted to that bountiful Being, who dispenses both life and happiness.—She spent another hour in music or drawing before breakfast : after which she read two hours in history, making extracts as she read.

The remainder of the day her various masters attended her, with whom her progress was amazing. The evening she spent in a select society, where her sweetness of manners conciliated every heart. Four years elapsed, and the once awkward girl, was now the accomplished woman.—The graces adorned her person—the sciences enlarged her mind, and the virtues filled her breast. Thus metamorphosed she returned to her native country.

The day she was presented, Lord G. chanced to be at court for the first time since his return from the grand tour. How was he surprised to see the poke-neck'd sullen Myra transformed into an object of general admiration !

On a more intimate acquaintance,
he

he discovered that her merit and accomplishments surpassed her beauty ; and his heart fell a sacrifice to so many united charms. In a few months she made Lord G. happy, by accepting his hand. She renewed an acquaintance with her former friends, among whom the amiable Lucia, then Lady M. was justly distinguished.

Thus the happy Myra was beloved and admired by all. The excellence of her character gave lustre to her rank ; and happy herself, she formed the felicity of all around her ; enjoying in the affection of her husband, mother, and friends, the reward of merit and the triumph of virtue.

TALE V.

THE RAMBLE.

“ In our own breast the source of pleasure lies,”

“ Still open, and still flowing to the wife.”

ISABELLA was the only daughter of Sir James and Lady E. who bestowed the tenderest care on her infancy, and paid unremitting attention to her education.

Isabella was handsome and accomplished ; she enjoyed health, with all the blessings that affluence could confer ; yet she was not happy. She was indulged in every wish by her
fond

fond parents ; she had every advantage that rank could bestow ; but Isabella's mind was an instrument so out of tune, as to render ineffectual even the harmonious touches of prosperity and affection. She would be out of humour with the very elements and seasons.—The summer was insufferable hot, the winter was too cold ; repose was insipid, and exercise harassing ; company was fatiguing, and solitude insupportable. Thus did the unhappy Isabella pass the dawn of life ; nor had its encreasing lustre any power to illumine the darkness of her mind. No joy did she experience in the sweet circle of domestic friends ; and the glances of parental affection beamed in vain. If she named an acquaintance, it was to discover their faults ; if she read a book,

it

it was on purpose to criticise it. Nothing in the world yielded her any satisfaction; and at last her wretched temper operated so far on her reason, as to make her believe herself the most unhappy being in nature.

Her parents beheld this defect with the deepest concern, and did all in their power to counteract it; but their tender admonitions were construed into dislike, and serious advice was styled insupportable tyranny. A relation who believed that her infirmity proceeded from low spirits, advised a frequent change of scene; in consequence of which she was to spend the summer and autumn in travelling about from one place to another: but all the varied scenery was in vain, for Isabella could not fly from herself. She complained that the roads
were

were rugged; the country was barren; that the hills intercepted her view, and the vallies were frightful. She was every day permitted to ride or walk out as she pleased, an old faithful servant attending her. In one of these rambles she reached a cottage that was so neat, and so romantically situated, as to tempt her to stop and survey it. Near the house was an orchard, where a lovely girl, about fifteen, was shaking a tree, and gathering its fruit into her basket. Her cheeks vied in bloom with the brightest apples she gathered, and her eyes sparkled with good-humour and health. On seeing a fine lady, she dropt a rural curtesy, and offered one of her largest apples. Isabella was betrayed into a momentary satisfaction.--“ You have a pretty habitation

tion here." Bittation, ma'am? "I mean, you have a pretty house." Yes ma'am, I keep it tolerable neat. I clean it every morning before fix o'clock, and then I work in the garden or field; and then, ma'am, I cook my aunt's dinner; and at night I work for her at my needle." Sure your aunt is much obliged to you, I think. No ma'am, it is I that am much obliged to my aunt, for she maintains me. I have neither father nor mother, ma'am, nor no earthly friend except my aunt and my cousin John." I hope they are good to you? yes ma'am, they are both very natural to me, my aunt sometimes gives me a good beating, but she says it is all for my good, when she thinks I loiter a little at my work, yet I am never idle. But she means it well,
and

and after she has been in a passion, my cousin John does speak so comfortable to me, that I often am ready to cry again for pleasure. Perhaps he is in love with you ? alas ! ma'am, his love would profit me nought, for as my aunt says he has a right to a princely fortune ; fifty pounds, ma'am, at the very least : but I make myself quite contented, for God directs all for the best, and we should trust in *he*. We have all of us, you know, ma'am, much more than we deserve.

These remarks were only interrupted by her care in picking up her apples ; and by way of comment she warbled out a song—

The little bird with motley wing,
That flits along the sky ;
And gaily sings from morn to night,
Is not more blest'd than I.

The

The simple words, and wild melody, found from Isabella's ear, a passage to her heart.—During her return she ruminated on the scene she had been witness to. A poor uncultivated peasant, unblest with tender parents, ease, or wealth, can rejoice and sing, while I am a prey to discontent ! shall a poor and untaught girl, put in practice the sublime duties of gratitude and resignation, and I remain sullen and joyless ? a poor neglected young creature who is exposed to every inclemency of season, whose scanty morsel is procured by toil, who is menaced by poverty, and actually suffers ill usage and disappointment ; shall she affirm she has more blessings than she deserves, whilst I ?—here struck with remorse, Isabella paused and burst into tears. Her reason utterly

terly revolted against the past: her resolution firmly engaged for the future. When returned home, she flew to her closet, and, in a rapture of gratitude unfelt before, she thanked and blessed her supreme benefactor, whose blessings she acknowledged were boundless and unmerited.

As she praised him, her heart expanded: in wishing to become grateful, she experienced gratitude; and felt that "gratitude was a relief to the soul." The mist dispersed, and sorrow was no more.

She sought her parents with a countenance full of love and serenity. She related her adventure, and subsequent reflections: her conduct emphatically spoke all the rest. She presented Peggy, the fair cottager, with a wedding portion. This opened

ed a new stream of happiness to the delighted Isabella; drawn from the heavenly fountain of benevolence. She became truly happy—the joy of her parents, and a blessing to society. Thus can reason conquer habit; and any mental defect may be eradicated by the noble exertion of its opposite virtue.

TALE VI.

AMELIA AND EMMA.

“ True loveliness, which nothing can impair,
 “ dwells in the mind.”

AMELIA and Emma contracted, while at boarding school, the most tender friendship for each other. In all their studies or amusements, they were inseparable companions. Emma was blooming as the morning rose; her person was elegant, and finely proportioned; and every attitude graceful. Amelia had a fine plain figure, and her face had no particu-
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lar charm to attract the eye. In their circumstances, the disparity continued. Emma was menaced by poverty—Amelia courted by wealth. Amelia admired beauty as the most enviable possession ; Emma dreaded indigence as the greatest evil—These were their erroneous opinions in the dawn of life ; yet each was sufficiently generous to rejoice in the advantages of the other. How happy I am, exclaimed Emma, (as she one day assisted her friend in fixing a pearl bracelet) that my dear Amelia will be exempt from all the evils which attend on indigence. Her's the generous heart, and to her will belong the glorious privilege of doing good.—While I! poor, helpless—insignificant!—Hush, my dear Emma, nor wound my heart with these

these disqualifying terms. Are you not rich in nature's gifts, while I must be indebted to fortune for even the civilities of life ? but you, my lovely friend, will give pleasure to every eye, and create affection in every heart. Their mutual happiness was interrupted by a letter from Emma's mother, which required the attendance of her daughter, and occasioned an immediate separation between these amiable friends ; each was oppressed with tender sorrow, and they parted with all that ardour of feeling which peculiarly marks the season of youth and innocence.

“ When glows the breast, as opening roses fair,

“ More free, more vivid than the linnets wing,

“ Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,

“ Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.”

Amelia remained for some time disconsolate for the loss of her friend. To encrease her affliction, she received no letters from her ; neither could she gain any intelligence concerning her.—Emma's removal had been equally sudden and mysterious ; so all Amelia's enquiries proved fruitless ; at length the sweetness of her disposition reconciled her to her present circumstances, and she endeavoured to extract consolation from a diffusive benevolence towards her young companions, and a strict attention towards her own improvement in the various branches of her education.

In about two years Amelia quitted school.—She was not sorry to leave a place which had lost its highest endearment ; and received her guardian's

guardian's orders to remove to his country seat, with some degree of satisfaction.

This gentleman, to whose care Amelia's father had entrusted her, with a fortune of 30,000*l.* was an old baronet, an old bachelor, and a very great humourist. He was ill-natured, obstinate, and vindictive; but endeavoured to conceal his surly disposition, under the guise of pretended sincerity. When Amelia entered the room, his first exclamation was, Heavens, how very plain she is! poor Amelia was so mortified at this reception, that she turned to her governess, who had accompanied her, and leaning her head on her shoulder, burst into tears.

Sir William L. bade her not be foolish, and assured her he meant no

harm, while her governess interfering, paid the young lady some genteel and deserved compliments on her merit and disposition. I am glad, said Sir William, to hear such a good account of you. Remember that you have no friend but me, so don't be shy, my little girl—what, though your father, mother, and every relation be dead, never mind that, while I, your guardian, am spared to you. After dinner he asked her for a song, and was so delighted with her ready and sweet performance, that he swore she was not half so plain a girl as he had imagined. That same evening Amelia was carried to a clergyman's house, in whose family she was to board, till she came of age. This gentleman was a person of learning and merit; and his wife was a polite agreeable woman. In this situation,

Amelia

Amelia was equally removed from dissipation and rusticity—She had time for reflection, and was directed, by this gentleman's advice, in the pursuit of several elegant studies. History became one of her favourite amusements. She excelled in music, and made a considerable progress in drawing. As she became every day more attached to this worthy pair, who were by no means remarkable for any charms of person, it occurred to her mind, with all the force of truth, that beauty was neither absolutely essential for affection, nor esteem; since a person might be perfectly amiable, and respected, without possessing it. This idea comforted her heart, while it rectified her judgment; and she entirely overcame the weak part of her character. From that moment she lost all anxiety as

to her personal appearance, but resolved to spare no pains in rendering her mind as lovely as possible.

Good-sense, good-nature, and benevolence, were her chief ornaments. Every one that knew her character, admired it, and even the rugged Sir William became so attached to her, that he declared “ die when he would, he would leave her every shilling of his fortune.”

Though Amelia was of the most grateful nature, there was a something in Sir William’s manner and disposition, that was repugnant to her gentle mind. The family she was with, informed her of his peculiarities, and added, that his own sister had forfeited his affection, because she married a gentleman with whom he had chanced once to have a difference at cards. He had quarrelled
with

with all his relations, and in a fit of passion had deserted his paternal estate, and quitted his country ; that he often mentioned his sister in terms of deep resentment, and had avowed his intentions of never leaving her a shilling of his fortune, in case he died single. Amelia was shocked at so much obduracy—" pray, Sir, say no more ; I wish to respect my guardian, if possible."

As Amelia drew near her majority, the baronet hinted, that he had a good husband in his eye for her, who, though he was near seventy, would make her as happy a woman as any in the kingdom. It is one, he added, that loves you dearly ; if he dies he will leave you all his fortune, on the simple provision of taking his name ; and if he lives, little Amelia, he will make you his wife. The latter

ter declaration gave great disturbance to Amelia; and had not death put an end to Sir William's projects, his gentle ward would have been but too much in his power. He left her in addition to her own, a fortune of 20,000*l*. With these ample possessions, she could indulge all the benevolent propensities of her soul. She assisted the industrious poor, she provided for the aged, she was the widow's friend, and the orphan's support. Blessings followed her wherever she went; and the happiness she communicated to others, was reflected on herself. While Amelia was thus calmly seated in the mansion of peace and prosperity, her friend Emma was engaged in scenes of a very different nature. She and her widowed mother inhabited a cottage in the south of Scotland.

Emma

Emma was blooming as Thompson's Lavinia, but not like her "content and careless of to-morrow's fare," for worldly solicitude preyed on her tender mind; and the dread of penury shaded her lovely brow. One day sitting at work with her mother, she looked earnestly in her face, and burst into tears.—"Perhaps I might be able patiently to endure my own misfortunes; but I cannot bear to see my dear mother reduced to such obscurity. You, the widow of Colonel M. the daughter of Sir Thomas L! whose qualities do honour to your birth! O my dear, dear mother! how can you support so cruel a reverse of fortune?" "Because, my love, I am a christian." These few words made the deepest impression on her daughter's heart.—She determined

mined to overcome her weak despondency. She applied to religion for consolation, and she soon perceived that her "ways were the ways of peace."—She resolved from that moment, no more to overvalue the advantages of wealth and situation, but to esteem health and innocence the greatest blessing, and to think no situation unworthy of her, which divine wisdom appointed. These reflections gave a sunshine to her countenance, and comfort to her heart. Several years past away imperceptibly, and the avocations of severe necessity, became to the virtuous Emma the objects of her choice.—She assisted her mother in a variety of needle-works, which a faithful servant disposed of to the best advantage. This person had been Mrs. M's woman during her youth,

youth, and had retained the utmost ardor for her service. Her father's steward was another, on whose fidelity she could rely. He assisted her with advice in the management of her cottage-ground; and offered to make enquiries after a situation for Emma. Mrs. M. had for sometime past been extremely anxious concerning Emma's future provision in life, and checking her resentment of unmerited neglect in her relations, and formerly professed friends; she wrote to them to consult them on this interesting subject. In the answers she received, one was surprized that she had not bound her daughter apprentice to some honest trade; another was of opinion she should send her to wait on some lady of fashion—a third said, her mother might qualify her for a house-keeper's place in
some

some small sober family.—Mrs. M. revolved these opinions in her mind; as she was a woman of excellent understanding, she was fully persuaded, that birth and a liberal education are of no value, but as they are incentives to virtue.—She was of opinion, that a person who was well-born and educated, should in adversity distinguish herself, not by a false pride—mistaken shame, or too ready irritability, but by the superiority of her sentiments, and the integrity of her conduct.—Yet to see her darling child plunged into the difficulties of life, shook all the fortitude of her soul.—Her youth and uncommon beauty encreased the danger.—The rude blasts of adversity might kill so tender a flower; or the rash hand of a voluptuary tarnish all its lustre.—These were the considerations that raised

raised a conflict in her breast, till a firm reliance on the goodness of Providence whispered peace and heavenly resignation. The old faithful steward, who had many acquaintances in London, was desired by Mrs. M. to make enquiries after a situation for Emma: and in consequence of these applications, three offers at length occurred. The first was, to travel with a family (who had one child) as a governess; the second was, to live with an old blind lady, who wished to have a well educated young person to read to her, and to be constantly with her. The third situation was, to be companion to a young lady of fortune. The first offer Mrs. M. thought proper to decline, on account of its being the most solitary situation that any person but an hermit can experience. She thought
it

It demanded a variety of self-resources, which so young a woman as Emma would be unequal to : the second appeared to her of too melancholy a nature : but the third, she readily accepted of ; and desired the good steward to write to his correspondent in London, and close with the latter proposal. A few weeks brought this affair to a conclusion ; all was settled, and the time fixed for their journey to England. A few days before they left their peaceful cottage, Mrs. M. led her daughter, in their evening walk, to a place Emma had never before seen. After they had gone a few miles, they followed a winding path, and reached an old majestic castle that was falling into ruins. Emma seated herself under an oak, to examine it at pleasure ; while Mrs. M. fetching a deep sigh,
and

and eyeing it with a pensive air, thus addressed her. That castle, Emma, formerly belonged to my ancestors; and there I spent my juvenile, happy days. It is with a melancholy pleasure I take one more look at it, before I go, perhaps for ever. Your grand-father inherited the estates of several wealthy houses, but being too desirous to aggrandize his son, he left him all, except a small portion to me. Of that portion, and the fortune your father possessed, nothing was left except our little cottage. But let me draw a veil over your father's failings: prudence is not always a virtue congenial to the brave! As for my brother, he was insensible to my calamities; a slave to caprice, tenacious of his own mistaken opinions, capable of the most whimsical attachments,

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tachments, and the most lasting disgusts for very trivial causes; nature and friendship had no ties for him. O! Emma, if he still lives, may he repent of his obduracy! if he is dead, peace be to his ashes! Mrs. M. dropt a pious tear: her daughter silently pressed her hand in hers, and gave her a look of the softest sympathy. Their hearts understood each other. My Emma, said Mrs. M—we have always more blessings left us, than (strictly speaking) we deserve. It is true, I am deprived of affluence; but am I not blessed with health? I have lost a beloved husband; but have I not an amiable child, whom it is transport thus to clasp to my maternal bosom?—they then left the castle, and returned home “pensive, not sad.”—They
sat

sat out on the appointed day, and had a safe journey to London; from whence they proceeded, according to their direction, to the lady's country seat. As they drew near it, Emma said, with emotion, I once had an amiable friend, who loved me as herself; but a false shame made me carefully conceal my situation from her. Now I am punished as I deserve; and must at a stranger's hand, receive the assistance she would have delighted to hold out to me. Say not a stranger, my love: we are all related. Independence is a chimaera: we are all dependant on each other by a chain that cannot be broken—To day we receive; to-morrow perhaps we are the obligers; whichever be our lot, my Emma, we have reason to say with the poet,

" Eternal incense from the soul ascend
 " To *Him* who made each being want a friend,
 " And plac'd us in a world of sun, and shade,
 " Where those that bloom, might shelter those that fade."

They now approached the house. Emma's legs tottered under her as she entered it. She changed colour, and underwent the greatest trepidation. My love, said her mother, the lady meets us—Emma strove to assume courage. She raised her timid eyes; she looked at her benefactress, and—flew into her arms—my Emma! my Amelia! O! my beloved friend! this was all that either could say, till tears of joy relieved them. A full and interesting discovery took place. Amelia, in her friend, saw the natural heiress to Sir William L's fortune. Emma found in her patroness, the person she most wished to be indebted

ed to. The generous Amelia made them both independent for life. They became one family, and a family of love.

Mrs. M. was the happiest of women : and as to the two friends, the beauty of the one was scarce remembered ; and the plainness of the other totally lost, among the blaze of intellectual accomplishments.

TALE VII.

I WISH, my dear Julia, that we had lived in the days of the fairies, said Flora to her sister, when you know they had nothing to do but to wish for what they pleased, and immediately some kind fairy would put them in possession of their wishes. Suppose a fairy was now to appear, what would your wish be? replied Julia. I would instantly have, said Flora, some of the sweetest patterns of silk, a piece of the most delicate Indian muslin, with a quantity of ribbands of the newest and most becoming patterns. You had better, interrupted Maria (who had, till then, been engaged at her work) have a
purse

purse like that of Fortunatus, which never emptied. A magnificent house, extensive gardens, a handsome equipage, with a chest full of gold, would be no contemptible acquisitions ! But not half so desirable as beauty, replied Flora ; it was silly to talk of fine things only, when I might as easily have beauty itself. O ! I would be most prodigiously handsome, and have a little hundred of admirers in my train.—You are both very simple girls, said Julia ; now listen to me. I, for my part, would wish for some mental gift, by which I might daily improve in self-knowledge, and self-approbation. Really, sister, said Maria, you were never deficient in the latter article : you can enjoy self-approbation without the aid of the fairies ; cannot she, Flora ? Flora smiled

her assent, while Julia shrugged up her shoulders at the frivolity of her sisters. They however all continued castle-building till it was time to retire to rest.

What follows, however marvelous, the faithful historian is obliged to relate.

Julia (who lay in an adjacent chamber to her sisters) was scarcely composed in bed, when, to her utter astonishment, the chamber was filled with a light more luminous than the meridian sun. She started out of bed, rang her bell, and screamed out fire, when a voice, far sweeter than the dulcist harp, uttered these words, "Be still and calmly listen to me. Did you not wish for a fairy-gift? look up to me, and freely answer." Julia raised her eyes, and lost all apprehensions in the presence

presence of her ærial visitant. She was seated in a chrystaline car, loosely strewed over with jewels of the brightest lustre; a garland of lilies and amaranthus' adorned her hair, which waved in golden tresses; her eyes beamed celestial brightness, and her cheeks were tinged with the Roses of health; her person was all symmetry. Gracefully waving her wand, she said, speak Julia, and obtain your wish. Amiable, benevolent being, replied Julia, after what I see, I cannot doubt your power; you know all our wishes, and can with ease fulfil them. The fairy made a circle with her wand, and the three sisters stood within it. You, Flora, wished for beauty; turn this instrument, whose moving pictures will represent to you, as they pass, twelve
of

of the most perfect forms the world has yet produced—chuse your favourite style of beauty, and wear yourself a similar appearance. Pardon my presumption, said Flora, if I decline this offer, and aspire to have your very face, your air, your graces.—Be it so, said the fairy, and receive at the same time these tablets, containing a competence, which beauty, in our days, is not always secure of. She then gave Flora a touch with her wand, who became, in a moment, as dazzlingly beautiful as the fairy herself. She told her a carriage waited for her at the door, and then dismissed her, which Julia imagined she did the sooner, as not bearing the equality of her charms: injuring the generous fairy by this mean suspicion. Approach, Maria; it is now
your

your turn to receive the prevailing wish of your heart. Here is a ring, which, on being rubbed, will yield you a golden powder, to which I have annexed the wonderful property of falling into the prevailing coins of whatever country you chance to inhabit. She touched her, and Maria, in an instant, glittered in all the splendour of the east : but not being graceful, her sumptuous dress had something in it so unsuitable to her person, as to produce a very disadvantageous contrast. I beg, my dear Maria, said Julia, bursting out in a fit of laughter, that you would never dress magnificently, however great your riches ; for you cannot imagine how hideous you look. The fairy reproved Julia for the bluntness of her expression, and observed, that
even

even among sisters, “ the sweet counterfeits of life ” were necessary to promote, and secure affection. You may now go, added she to Maria ; an equipage attends your orders.—

Then turning to Julia, receive, said she, this box, which, though it makes no extrinsic shew, is a gift of inestimable value. It contains a reflecting mirror for the mind : you have hitherto used reflection only to animadvert upon the follies of others ; but this curious glass will discover to you, your own. You have only to look at it ; it will impulsively shew the truth.

She presented the box with a smile of benignity, and disappeared. Julia longed for the return of day, that she might review her treasure. As soon as it was light, she opened
the

the box ; but on consulting the mirror, she perceived, to her great mortification, the word—ingratitude. Ingratitude—repeated she ; but, on reflection, she remembered that she had accused the benevolent fairy of a mean jealousy of mortal charms, and had not been in the least grateful for the favours conferred upon her sisters, or herself. This unfortunate beginning lessened her predilection for the mirror, and she resolved to make no use of it again till she should be pretty certain of its applause ; at least of its approbation. Some days after, as she past by a poor old woman's cottage, who sat spinning at her door, she took a sixpence to give her ; but just at that moment perceiving a young lady (who was daughter to the lord of the

the

the manor) make up to them, she dropt the sixpence into her pocket, and presented the old woman with a half crown piece. Certainly, said Julia, as she past on, there is an exquisite pleasure in being charitable. She then took out her mirror with great alacrity, but was much surprised to see the word *ostentation*, appear, in letters of provoking magnitude. Julia passionately exclaimed—spiteful fairy! detested gift! and and trembled with indignation: but when she grew cool, and revolved in her mind the late transaction, she recollected the circumstance of having changed the intended alms, merely because she had a spectator of the action. She could not however overcome her dislike for the reflecting

ing mirror. For a considerable time it lay neglected.

At an appointed day, some of her rural neighbours were to dine with her, as they had been accustomed to do in her aunt's life time. Julia condescended to receive them, but was so full of contempt for their plain manners and simple topics of conversation, that except merely helping them at table, she bore no part in their society. The good people were rejoiced when it was time to take leave. As soon as they were gone, Julia fell into a series of thoughts on the advantages of a liberal education.—When one's taste is truly refined, said she, rustic society becomes intolerable ; but what will my little mirror now intimate ? she opened it with a degree of triumph, and read
these

these words, “ *conceited, inhospitable Julia.*” The mirror was execrated, and fell into disgrace for several weeks. About this period, Julia happened to be in a mixed company, with several gentlemen of great repute for their abilities and literature, which made her long for an opportunity of displaying her own; but as no favourable circumstance occurred of itself, she resolved somehow or other to make one. At dinner there chanced to be a goose, which she said, put her strongly in mind of the darling little creature that saved the Roman capitol. Having thus got over the difficulty of an introduction, she continued her discourse with the utmost volubility. Passing from the Romans to the Greeks, she took an excursion into Persia. After this,
without

without feeling the least compassion for her fellow travellers, she carried them up to the top of Parnassus, whose victors she quoted till she almost lost her articulation.

When Julia returned home, she ruminated with much self-complacency on the figure she had made in the late conversation. If my mirror, said she, is not complaisant now, it never will be. But what will it shew me,—eloquence, memory, or judgment?

She looked at her mirror, and distinctly read, "you stunned them with your noise." Her disappointment was extreme; after this she never applied to her mirror, but to know how she had fixed her cap, sung a song, or danced a minuet.

I am certain, said she, one day to
G herself,

herself, that the fairy's gift has done me no good ; I wonder how my sisters have employed theirs; on saying this, she felt herself wafted through the air, and was almost instantly transported into a dressing room, where Flora was preparing for a ball. But how was Julia surprised to see her sister quite emaciated, with pallid cheeks and hollow eyes; every trace of beauty was vanished, and Flora was busied in repairing with paint, the damages of an early old age, which want of sleep and dissipation had brought on. My poor Flora, said Julia, what is become of all your charms? I am now convinced, that a well looking healthy young woman, such as you were, is far preferable to a faded beauty. Alas ! my sister, returned Flora with a deep sigh,

sigh, 'beauty has been no advantage
 to me—on the contrary, my insolent
 airs of conscious beauty, made me
 detested by my own sex, and despised
 by the other. I, silly creature, secure
 of being admired at first sight, took
 no pains to acquire esteem by the ex-
 ertion of any valuable quality. Like
 the tulip, I indeed attracted the eye,
 but wanting the sweet fragrancy of
 merit, I was gazed at but a moment,
 and neglected ever after; my charms
 now decay daily; yet is my whole
 frivolous study how to prevent the
 scrutiny of others. O! Julia, in my
 eager love of beauty, I had forgotten
 that only virtue can bestow immortal
 bloom! I see, replied Julia, that
 the fairy-gift has been no blessing to
 you—what has Maria done with
 hers? these words were scarcely ut-

tered, when Julia found herself in the midst of an extensive park, close by a piece of water, on whose bank Maria was seated in a pensive posture. Julia, perceiving she was in a profound reverie, slept softly behind her, and overheard these words—"I am now but too well convinced that I made an improper choice, and that riches cannot communicate happiness. Thou deceitful ring, what disappointments hast thou not caused the wretched Maria! She tore it off her finger, and held it loosely in her hand. Julia advanced, and threw her arms round her sister's neck; Maria started, and dropt the ring into the water. And is it gone? and have I lost it for ever? ah Julia, I now perceive I never knew its proper value; selfish wretch that I was, I
 never

never took interest in the concerns of others.—I added building to building; I was boundless in self indulgencies; but I omitted the most precious art of blessing myself in the act of blessing others. Had I wiped the widow's tears, had I supported the tender orphan, I had now been happy. Without benevolence, my Julia, how poor is wealth! how mean is grandeur, when unadorned by noble sentiments! I hope you have made a better use of your fairy gift, Julia hung her head, and was silent; indeed her eyes began now to open on her past misconduct; and she perceived that she had misapplied reflection, by not immediately striving to remedy what she saw amiss. Resolving, for the future, to make a better use of her mirror, she put her
hand

hand in her pocket to take it out : but she searched in vain, for the mirror was gone. She pulled out every thing she had in her pocket, and, in her hurry, let fall a bunch of keys, which made so violent a noise, as to—awaken Julia out of her dream.—The next morning it furnished agreeable conversation for the breakfast table ; and each of the sisters resolved to profit by the hints of the night, by exerting their resolution ; the defects of vanity, avarice, and conceit, were totally eradicated from their minds, and they became most amiable and valuable women ; happy in themselves, and a blessing to society. 1790.

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